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about seven or eight years since, and has now nothing more to boast of than the "holy well," in one of the walls, which owes its present neat and enticing appearance to an individual named Hugh Byrne, a private soldier in the Donegal militia, who, after the Irish rebellion of 1798, came here, and passed the remainder of his life in this solitary abode, and was buried beside St. Declan. There is a square door-way in one side of this old building, with an inverted key-stone in the arch, which has been a source of much enquiry and difference of opinion amongst the lower class of the adjacent mechanics, but which may be easily accounted for on inspection. Adjoining this are some silver mine-holes, which at present afford nothing more than pure water.

THE MOWIN' MATCH.

AN IRISH SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Ah, thin, Dan, agra, what in the name o' wondher's bringin' you out o' yer bed at this time o' night afther yer hard workin' all day? a body id think you'd be wantin' some sleep!" exclaimed the careful widow who exulted in the appellation of "Missus Phelim Dawley," to her son, as about midnight she heard him get up and endeavour to steal softly forth.

Dan at first appeared a little posed; but then rubbing his eyes he muttered in a half sleepy tone—

"Och, wisha, wisha! bud it's quare"—

"Are you dhramin', child, or what's come over you at all? Don't you planely persave id's as dark as pitch—an' what's makin' you get up?"

Dan, who by this time had invented an excuse, gravely answered,

"Why thin, mother, shure enough id's the dhramin's bewildhered me entirely. Faix I thought id was mornin'; an' in throth I was wondherin' at meself bein' so lazy at gettin' up bud (a yawn) I'm glad to be in the wrong box, (a yawn) an'll jist turn in agin."

So saying, the sleep-loving youth bade his mother good night, and retired to his nook, for room it could not be called. The careful matron was satisfied at this, and again lay down, and soon fell into a sound sleep; and the good youth, who was on the watch, no sooner perceived this, than, brogues in hand, he stole across the room, and gently unbolting the door went forth, closing it carefully again. A few stars were twinkling here and there in the sky, and giving but a faint light, by which he might direct his footsteps; however, as his mother's cabin stood beside the road, and he knew every inch of the country, there wasn't much fear of his losing his way.

He proceeded along at a pretty rapid pace, humming some tune, and occasionally whistling, until at length he stopped, opposite another cabin, and going to a small window in the back part of it, began to sing the air which he had been trying ever since he left home. The words were very original, and ran somewhat as follows:

"Och, my darlin' Mary! like a little fairy
You thrip along the green grass in style;
An' wor you Dido, or Queen Juno either,
I'd love you dearly fur yer own sweet smile.
Your lips are the neethor, an' whin you do lecthur,
Dianya's self couldn't sweeter spake;
Och, me queen ov beauty, that bates out Vanus,
If you prove cruel me heart will brake!"

He had got thus far in his tender strain, when "the ould cloak" was chucked out of the orifice which it filled up, and a female face appeared, smiling with satisfied vanity at the complimentary tribute just paid to her beauty; and before the delighted Daniel could utter a word, she answered his strain somewhat in the same manner, not in a very unmusical voice, and one which he thought sweeter than honey:

"Iv be all this nonsense you think to win me,
I tell you yer out Misthur Dan, asthore;
Dianyas' an' Junos may do fur others,
Bud not fur me, as I said afore:

I'm a quite colleen, and a plainly spoken,
So you needn't be thyring all your coortin' art;
Such flatterree, which yer always croakin',
Will never make me give you my heart."

"Och, Mary, a lanna, bud id's yerself can turn id," exclaimed the delighted lover, dancing, as if in time to the concluding air:

"always croakin',
Will never make me give you my heart.

"Whoo—och—musha—it's the natest turned tchune!—Mary, a ra gal, where did you make id out at all?"

Mary, on the genuine Milesian principle, answered one question by propounding another, which was,

"Ah, thin, you foolish boy you, what brought you here at such an hour as this?—singin' and gallivantin' undher a poor girl's windee, as iv you wanted to turn her wits.—It'll be tellin' you somethin' iv me father hears you."

"What brought me out, Mary! repeated Dan, bringing his voice to the pitch tender; which, *en passant*, resembled a key in a rusty lock. "Is id you axes me that, eroo? Well, that flogs the world: did you never hear tell ov a boy bein' so bewildhered about a bit ov a colleen—eh, *maavourneen*? as to venthur out jist to give her a taste ov a saranade, as the gintlemin call id, to make her sleep soundher iv she wor sleepin', and to bid her waken iv she wornt."

At this tender and sentimental effusion, Mary did not blush, but her white teeth glittered as she laughingly answered—

"Why, thin, Dan Dawley, you bate *my* skill, as the gauger said whin the boys put out to say—fur *raahy* I didn't think you wor sich a *gommooh*!"

"Well, well," half soliloquized Dan—"this sartinly bangs—a *gommooh*! Och, Mary, asthore, don't you know how you've desthroyed me wid yer pair ov eyes, an' your incomparable beauty—id's murdered, I believe, I am."

Mary here half drew in her head as she sung in reply,

"Ah, thin, go yer ways, you gay desaver,
And don't think to move me wid all yer lies;
Shure yer butthered words are repeated often,
An' though you pretend, I don't mind yer sighs."

Here the old rag was again thrust into the window, and the voice ceased, and all was silent as before; for the "spark was quite knocked out ov Dan be her quareness," and he stood for a moment or two irresolutely; then his pride came to his aid, and he loudly, and with somewhat of exultation, chanted,

"Thin, sense thus you thrate me, so rude and bitter,
Though a rural female never born should be;
No insinuashins shall intoxicate me,
Thus to be turned off so ungratefuller."

He then twirled his alpeen round his head, gave his caubeen a crush down, disdainfully pulled up his breeches, and loudly humming the latter part of the air, struck off into a path which led across the fields. Scarcely had he gone, till the bundle was a second time chucked away; and Mary's head appeared peeping forth to discover if he loitered; but seeing that he did not, she withdrew, saying nought, but in her heart half repenting the useless coquetry which led to his dismissal; for, be it known unto the reader, Dan Dawley was the boy of all others for Mary Brady's fancy. He had known her long, and paid her every attention; and the sensible folk observed, that it certainly would be a match whenever Dan "gev over his wild ways, an' reglarly tuk to industry," a period which would be exceedingly difficult to name.

Love and war are often spoken of together; and with the rejected Dan Dawley war was now the word; for he was not such a *gommooh* as to come out solely for the one, which we will prove plainly to the reader. He scudded on (for his *original* shambling gait could not be called walking!) for about an hour, and at last stopped opposite a large barn, erected originally beside a dwelling house, but it had long since been levelled, leaving the aforesaid barn standing lone and bare on the brow of a slight hill,

and far from any human habitation. At the door of this, a couple of men armed with scythes were standing, who having exchanged the customary salutations of acquaintances, withdrew, and let Dan pass, at the same time saying,

"Id's jist cum in the nick ov time you are, fur yer absence was remarked, an' *the masther's* spakin' to the boys afore we set off."

When Dawley entered, he at a bird's eye view perceived nearly a hundred men assembled, who were standing, lounging or sitting, just as inclination prompted them; a keg of whiskey was in the centre, beside which stood a tall man, with a ruddy face, and brown curly hair, and he was haranguing them, and did not cease on Dan's entrance, although he perceived him; and he was the leader or masther, as he was called.

"Boys," said he, "I suppose I needn't remind you that whin I had the money I stood to you like a pence, and what more could I do? You know whin the ould house was taken from me, be that rascally Scotch attorney, an' I was sint off athout as much land ov me own as id fill a garden-pot—(I that onst owned, at laste my ancesthurs did, the whole cuntry!) that I cum an' joined yes *in toto*, which manes wid a heart and hand, and I have stuck to you since then through thick and thin. Now, boys, I'd have a sperat above remarkin', iv id was an Irishman cum into me property, or a man that id encourage the Irish, but id's not—he's an attorney an' a Scotchman."

Here some, whose national prejudices he had effectually probed, shouted, "enough, enough, Misthur O'Mara, what 'ill we do?"

"Why, thin, boys, darlin', sense your good enough to say so, I'll just tell you, an' id's but child's play to you, although id's justice. He's got over a whole ship load of young larch threes, besides bundles ov others, from Scotland. Mark you—not Irish threes—may I be hanged iv I'd touch a twig ov thim iv they had the Irish sap in thim!

"Who, whoop, hurroo—we know *that* Misthur O'Mara—we know *that*."

"He's about six acres ov thim planted, an' I was thinkin' iv we'd jist show him afore mornin' that the Irish air doesn't agree wid Scotch timber, it id be as good a lesson as we could tache him, an' others ov thim too. What do yes say to that?"

"Let us at them—let us at them!"—shouted the excited crowd, amongst whom Dan Dawley was not *the least* conspicuous.

"Well, my lads," continued O'Mara, I knew you'd stand to me, an' so desired you to bring your scythes an' rapin hooks, as they're not two feet above the ground, an' are as tindher as grass. A quare six acres ov hay he'll h— in the mornin', I'm inclined to think."

Having thus concluded, he advanced, and gave every man a portion of the whiskey; shaking hands as he passed with Dan, who had the honour of being his foster brother; and then, all being arranged, they set off with wonderful rapidity across the fields in the opposite direction to which Dan had advanced by.

O'Mara had been, at an early age, deprived of both his parents, and thus was left without any control, at the time when the mind is most pliant, and most easily moulded. He got someway connected with some of *the boys*, with which the county abounded; dashed about his money—drank—gamed—rioted—hunted—and at twenty-eight years of age, owing to his own folly, found himself ejected from his estate, without a penny in his purse, and deeply in debt into the bargain. Such a situation of affairs would have driven any other man but O'Mara mad, but he bore the loss quite philosophically; and when thought *would* intrude, got drunk if he had the whiskey, and if he hadn't, sang a verse of a popular song, which ran somewhat in this strain,

"The houses and lands may have left me
But joy man with wealth ne'er inherits;
All's lost, but that hath not bereft me
Of pleasure or lightness of spirits.
Then hip—hip—hurrah!
I'll not grieve for the day
That took the estate and the houses away."

He lived on just as usual, only that gradually he found his old rich friends deserted him, and as he asked for the loan of a few pounds pretty often, and had but a bad memory, it is not much to be wondered at. Then he took to the society of the poor ones, and amongst *the boys* was always the leader, under the old title of "the masthur;" while in the day he sometimes helped them with their work, not being too proud to put his hand to the plough, and even took part in their frugal but hospitable meal, and thus he managed to do what many young men are sent to college for—namely "*to put over his time*."

The party which he led, after having travelled about three miles further, at length came upon the verge of the plantation, which extended over fully the number of acres O'Mara had mentioned, and had been planted with infinite cost and labour. He then disposed them silently in a regular row, just as mowers commence; and taking a scythe himself, made the first cut. No sooner was this done than to work they all went, without uttering a syllable, but noiselessly and with vigour, and in a space of time almost incredibly short, the entire plantation was destroyed. O'Mara then drew a paper from his pocket, which he attached to one large tree, that had been left standing purposely, and on which was written, in a disguised hand, and purposely ill spelled:

"Let Mr. Gahagan take notis dat we let no Skotch threes stand on Irish ground."

Signed by ordher,
Captain Starlite,
His X Mark."

Having placed this in the conspicuous position before mentioned, the leader summoned them all together, and at a beck they set off at a quick run till they arrived at another end of the estate, where there were about fifty cart loads of turf drying. He then stopped, and drawing a flint and steel from his pocket struck a light, with which he immediately ignited one of the driest sods, and placing it beneath the mass, yet exposed fully to the high wind, he exclaimed,

"Now, me lads, iv there's any ov you wants to light yer pipe, you'll have a bonfire in an instant, an' maybe whin we go id may warn some poor boy that hasn't the whiskey to keep the cowl out."

At this unexpected feat silence could be observed no longer; so they burst forth into a prolonged shout, that rang like thunder on the silence of the night; and then perceiving that the mass began rapidly to take the flame, they heaped some of the driest part near it, and, with another hurroo, departed, each separating as he got to a certain spot on the high road.

Dan Dawley and O'Mara went together, as the former had offered him a shelter for the night, and rapidly, as they crossed the fields by the very shortest cut, when they at last reached the cabin and looked round, they perceived that the whole atmosphere was red with the conflagration. In a moment more, chuckling at the success of their project, they both lay down without having a second time disturbed the old woman.

The next morning, when the night's devastation became apparent, the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar; and Mr. Geoghegan, the owner of the property, convened a meeting of his brother magistrates, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means to be adopted of discovering the perpetrators, and, by a signal example, of stopping effectually such outrages, which began to be too frequent. Suspicion often fixes its lynx eye in the right quarter, and did so in this instance; for from threats which Geoghegan had heard O'Mara let fall, and from the wild life which he had been latterly living, he said that he had almost no doubt but that he was in some way connected with the *mowin'*; and it was proposed by one, and approved by all, that he, together with his constant comrade, the spotless Dan Dawley, should be arrested. They were encountered by the police sent in search of them in a small *shebeen* house, which they often frequented; and after some insolent language from O'Mara, at such *an outrage* being committed on his immaculate person, and after Dan "talkin' to one of thim, the rapparee, wid his alpeen," they were at length firmly secured, and led to the mansion of the injured magistrate, which formerly be-

longed to one of the prisoners, and where almost all the influential men of the county were assembled.

O'Mara, on being led in and confronted with his late attorney, but now the owner of his property, and his foe, preserved a dignified silence, and stood with his arms folded beside Dan, who looked uneasily around, with a half serious, half tipsy glance, that was irresistibly comic, and kept edging farther and farther from the police, who stood near him, till at last he was nearly beside Geoghegan's chair. This gentleman perceiving that he was somewhat far gone, and little knowing that whiskey instead of taking from, gives addition to the cunning of some, began to examine and cross-question him as to how he spent the night, and then found that he could make nothing of him, for his style of parrying, and never giving a direct reply, would puzzle a bench of judges.

"You say," observed one of the gentlemen, "that you were at home all the night; now how comes it that this man swears he heard your voice outside Mary Brady's, a short time before the outrage was perpetrated."

"He say id," indignantly exclaimed Dan, turning an eye of fire on the informer, who was a rival in the favour of his mistress; "the lyin' disciple. Och, give me bud elbow room an' I'll bate the thruth out of him, anyhow."

"Then you positively affirm that you did not leave your home last night."

"Sorry I'd be to contradict yer worship in that same, an' faix id wasn't an invitin' night be no manner to be out in—I'd rather be sittin' be—"

"We don't want to know, Sir, anything about what you'd rather: answer plainly—were you out or not," interrupted Geoghegan, who was beginning to find examining him was hopeless.

"Och, now, yer honor's beginnin' to be angry, I see. The mischief can't stand the gentlemin fur hotness sometimes."

"I'm afraid we'll gain no information from this fellow, Geoghegan," said one of his brother magistrates; "but at all events let us confront him with the girl, as she's now arrived."

Then having called her by name, to Dan's infinite perplexity, Mary Brady stood to be examined. He winked at her in an instant, and that so wickedly, that all present observed it, and ordered him to be led back.

"Wirra strue, masher, jewel," he whispered, as he passed the spot where the reckless O'Mara (who was infinitely amused at the entire scene) was standing, "we're sould now in arnest, I'm afeard."

Mary was a modest looking girl, with black piercing eyes, and very red lips, with a certain roguish leer eternally playing about their corners. As she advanced, she looked for an instant on Dan's face, and its ludicrous and imploring expression caused her eyes to brighten with merriment, and her glittering teeth to be seen, as she bit her lip to avoid laughing. However, her answer to the first question effectually dispelled all fear, and Dawley could not conceal the delight he felt at her bewildering the examiners.

"Did you see the prisoner, Daniel Dawley, last night at any hour past eleven," said one of the magistrates who prided himself on his powers of gaining the truth from witnesses.

Her pretty lips affected to pout, and her brows slightly contracted as she answered—

"Oh, Sir, I wondher a gentleman like you 'id attempt to ask such a question ov a poor girl whose reputashun's all she depinds on. See a man after eleven o'clock—who ever heerd the like."

"This man, Bartle Connor, is ready to swear that he heard his voice under your window."

"Bartle Connor swear that! well, well to be shure, there's no dependin' on any one in this world," exclaimed Mary. "I thought he'd be the last id do so. Musha, musha, I b'lieve the men are all alike."

Bartle was greatly moved at this, and, starting forward, declared that he could not swear to it, but *believed* he heard it; upon which Dan burst out with—

"Why, thin, you ill lookin' spalpeen you, iv you only could say that much, you might have kept your tongue quiet in yer mouth; fur I can tell you id'll cost you

somethin'; fur the minut I lay hands on you, highway or lowway, in public or private, I'll make proper smithereens ov yer dirty"—

"Silence, Sir," sternly commanded Geoghegan, upon which Dan immediately ceased.

"Well, my good girl, you are positive in asserting that you did not see Daniel Dawley last night; such pretty lips as those ought to blush if they did not speak the truth."

"Och, an shure well I knew id, an' see id planely now, yer worship's only jestin' wid me. Well your welcum, though id's a shame to make a fool ov a poor girl in such a manner."

"I think," here said Geoghegan, "that we may be justified in committing these men to prison on suspicion, until other circumstances shall arise to prove their innocence, as we can extract nothing in this way."

"Send Dan to prison—is that what yer honour's saying," exclaimed Mary, willing to give the face of affairs another turn—"wisha, thin, id might be the worst day's work ever you dun, in the regard ov losin' a frind; for I heerd him say merself ov yer honour"—

"Say what," eagerly asked he.

"Why that yer honour was a good man, an' just to the poor, an' one agin whom he'd cut off his hand afore he'd rise id—"

"Did Daniel Dawley really say all this?"

"In throth he did, an', more betoken, maybe id was him kep the boys from visitin' you so long, fur all I know."

Geoghegan's greatest pride was to appear popular; and Mary well knew that to tickle his vanity before his brother magistrates, might have the effect of making him more lenient to Dan; nor was she mistaken, for, after some further consultation, he was set at liberty, while O'Mara, in default of finding heavy bail, was detained.

"Give us the five fingers, Mary, a *lanna*," said he in ecstasy, when they were departing; "Och, bud id's now this heart of mine is entirely yours; an' you may thrate me as you like; bud from this out iv I ever spake an unkind word to you or yours, may I never be happy."

Then turning to his rival, who was a few feet behind,

"As to you, Mr. Bartle Connor, I'd scorn to take a mane advantage of you; so I just peaceably warn you to get together your *back* agin the next *patthorn*; fur bad cess to me iv I don't give the Dawleys the wind o' the word, an' bate the sivin sinses out ov every mother's sowl of the Connors I cum across: as to yerself you poor atomy ov a crathur, keep out of my way, or I'll be obleeged to dirty my stick wid you!"

To this highflown speech the other disdained reply, but gathering the skirts of his coat "under his arms," he trudged off as if it made no impression; but quite contrary was the case, for since that day "war to the knife" has been the word between the *fagh a ballagh* boys of both the Dawleys and the Connors.

From O'Mara's reckless character, no one would be mad enough to go bail for him; so he was placed in the county gaol until the judges should be going on circuit; and there he was as merry as ever, and as thoughtless; missing only the free liberty of range to which he had been hitherto accustomed. When the trial came on there was no evidence; as although there were upwards of a hundred men employed in *the mounin'*, not one was found to *peach*, and so he was acquitted, much to the delight of his foster-brother, who, "on the strenth ov id," had named that very day for his wedding with Mary, who had at last consented to make him a happy husband.

O'Mara still continued after this to lead the same boisterous life, until at length he was shot in an engagement which some smugglers, whose cause he had thought proper to espouse, had with the excise officers; and Dan and his wife were, along with all the peasantry, mourners at his funeral; for such a disposition as his is always idolized amongst the Irish, as it is partly national; and they don't care for the faults so as the sinner have a heart. A cold calculating disposition, no matter how amiable, is always detested, in comparison to a rattling, thoughtless, extravagant one. So saith

DENIS O'DONOH.